

FORD TIMES

NOVEMBER 1975



1976 Ford LTD Landau



The best way to introduce the 1976 Ford LTD is to remind you of what we said two years ago.

Here's what we said 2 years ago.

Two years ago, Ford ads called car shoppers' attention to the things you should look for in a well-made car. Which if nothing else proved that we were convinced that the 1974 Ford LTD could stand up to inspection from informed car buyers. And we're just as confident that the new 1976 Ford LTD can stand up to that same kind of inspection.

Here's what 1974 car owners told us recently.

Ford conducted a nationwide survey of

thousands of 1974 model-year car owners to find out about any troubles they had in a number of areas relating to body quality and durability. Areas like squeaks and rattles, paint, windows, doors and locks. More than a third responded. And a lower percentage of Ford LTD owners reported troubles developing in these areas over the past year than did owners of Chevrolet Impala, Plymouth Fury and Chrysler...and about the same as even Cadillac owners. That doesn't prove that Ford LTD is the best built car, but it probably does say that you should look at the new LTD before you buy anything else.

The closer you look, the better we look.



FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

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California

*Considering a move out west?
Be prepared for a little cultural shock*

by Lawrence Dietz

illustrations by Robert Boston

"IT IS NOT pretended that California supplies any specific from the wealth of her soil and sunshine that will cure unthrift, bad judgment, and a lack of faculty, or make of the do-less a doer. But there is legitimate basis for the belief that here the average man may work in greater comfort more days of the year, and earn

his bread easier, than under the conditions that prevail in any other state or country."

This inspired bit of fluff was concocted by a man named Irish in 1910, under commission by a group called the California Development Board. The rhetoric of California boosters has been no less steamy over the past 60 years,



Immigrant

one measure of which might be the fact that the population has increased from 2.6 million in 1909 to something over 21 million today. I am not here to argue with the proposition that California is a pleasant place to live—it is, after all, where I am sitting as I write this—but to advance the fact that moving out here is, in the most unexpected and profound ways, quite strange.

First off, I should make clear the point that I talk of Southern California, which is where most immigrants head for. Second, the

experience I have had of not really being able to figure out the place for almost two years is not peculiar to me. Every time I meet a new arrival, I see that same *what-in-the-name-of-heaven-is-going-on-here?* expression.

The first difficulty anyone has is in trying to get a sense of the physical perspectives of the place. In most cities an hour with a map and an hour in a car will give you a fair feeling for where everything is; but since most of the vastness of Southern California has been built up since 1946—and, therefore, is of the same cut of design—it is difficult to relate to physical characteristics. Furthermore, things about the area which are

celebrated by comedians and the like, the intersection of Hollywood and Vine being a good example, are

of absolutely no import to people who live here.

After three and a half confusing hours of being driven around Los Angeles for the first time, I demanded at least to see Hollywood and Vine. A few minutes' drive and my host announced that we were there. "Where?" I asked, looking out at the same sort of intersection which all of us see 50 times a day. When I was told that it was the fabled Hollywood and Vine, I naturally asked why it was a trademark for Los Angeles. My

guide, who had lived in Los Angeles for 20 years, didn't know. My mother, however, recalls that in the '40s one could be fairly certain of happening on a film star walking at that intersection, which gave it a certain fame.

Even more befuddling than trying to figure out *where* you are is trying to reorient your sense of time. This relates to the matter of distances. The distance between the Detroit suburbs of Wyandotte on the south and Huntington Woods on the north is about equal to that between Santa Monica on the west and downtown Los Angeles; or you could tuck all of Chicago, from Evanston to Hammond, and from Cicero to Lake Michigan into an area of Los Angeles bounded by Long Beach and Glendale, and it wouldn't even touch Beverly Hills or West Los Angeles.



What this means is that you tend to find yourself driving (the public transportation system is about as effective as an ice cube in a furnace) what for a while seem to you to be inordinate distances to perform even the most casual errands. The fact that the time needed to do this is relatively short because of the freeways doesn't ease one's mind. My God, I've just driven *11 miles* to take my shirts to the hand laundry. Yeah, but it took you only 15 minutes. But *11 miles!* Only 15 minutes. You get the idea.

The one thing, however, which is most peculiar to Southern California, and in many ways most terrific and yet most unsettling to new arrivals, is the matter of status. Status traditionally has been derived from wealth, power, or prestige. Leaving aside the matter of the rich (who, because California is younger in terms of development, are numerically fewer than in the East or Midwest), there is an enormous middle class. Now, middle-class status in the East is defined in terms of power (usually in communications or politics) or prestige, which is usually defined in terms of one's job.

But the Southern California middle class is largely technocratic—all those aerospace engineers—and thus not powerful in the traditional sense, nor prestigious, one engineer tending, to



the layman, to be like another. The result is that inevitable second question on meeting someone (the first being name) in the East or Midwest, that is, "What do you do?" is simply not asked.

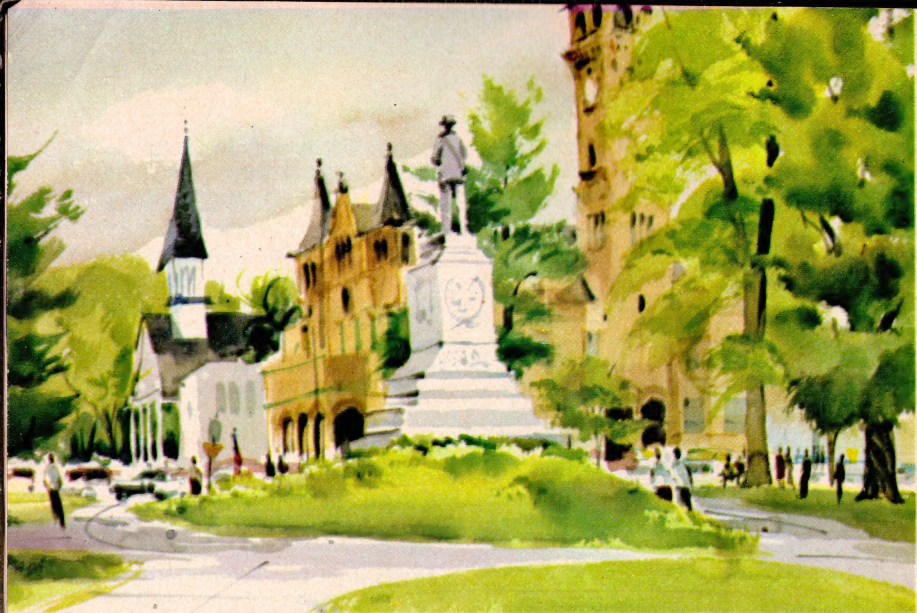
While this represents what I think is a marvelous stripping away of bogus pretensions (the traditional American greeting, after all, was "hi, neighbor," not "hi, fourth assistant to the marketing vice president"), it really tends to unsettle a lot of immigrants who go to parties prepared to impress people by *what-they-do* only to find that those people are interested instead in *who-they-are*, which is another and more complicated—but much sweeter and more human—matter.

Finally, one has to come to terms with a lingering inferiority complex, the result of years of sneering by Eastern writers. It is particularly acute in Southern California, which also had to

contend with a certain snobbish attitude on the part of San Franciscans. It has finally dawned on Easterners that social changes in California—whether good or bad—tend to happen about two years before they happen in the East, which is not exactly the mark of your typical backward community. And San Franciscans have tended to be somewhat more polite in the years during which the balance of economic power, not to mention population, has swung to Southern California.

If I have made this sound like a sort of struggle, well, perhaps it is. That is, it is a struggle for someone who (as all of us do, to some degree) has settled into certain patterns which he assumes he can carry with him and transplant. The only difference between me in Kansas or Pennsylvania, and me in California will be the color of my license plates: that's the theory. A wrong theory, that, and the struggle, if it is one, is that the immigrant finds he is being changed, and rapidly, by what at one first quick glance seemed to have been a not-extraordinary environment.

That change, I think, is generally for the better, and so I would note that the person who comes to California thinking that he is frozen-as-in-a-flash-picture will ultimately discover the core fact of his having moved: California melts you. □



TUSKEGEE-

“The Pride of the Swift-Growing South”

by Leona Lyons

paintings by Richard Brough

TUSKEGEE, in Macon County, Alabama, is one of America's more important centers of Negro culture and education. It was here that the sons and daughters of freed slaves, under the leadership of Booker T. Washington, received their first formal schooling. The town today bears witness to that past, but has moved energetically into the fast-changing present, reflecting the vitality and liberality of the new South in all aspects of its political and economic life.

It lies 40 miles east of the state capital, Montgomery, and, like many Southern communities, it has a small town square. At the north end of the square a modest statue of a Confederate soldier

valiantly keeps alive the memory of dead heroes, and back of the monument a sign welcomes visitors to Tuskegee: THE PRIDE OF THE SWIFT-GROWING SOUTH. The words are by the black poet Paul Laurence Dunbar and are the opening of Tuskegee Institute's official school song.

The sun shines more often than not in Tuskegee, and ancient oaks and elms and slender pecan trees provide shade or bare-branch tracery, according to the season. And year round the enormous leaves of the magnolias glisten as if newly polished. Some years the winters are as mild as June, so that people eat lunch in the park, talking and laughing with one another until the clock in the courthouse tower gives a warning whirl and strikes one.

Then the park empties swiftly and everyone goes back to work.

Women go shopping along South Main Street, with its string of one-story shops, beginning just beyond the little red brick post office, past the TV repair place, a wig store and the town's best boutique, whose manager goes to Dallas and Atlanta for the latest in daytime dresses, evening gowns and pants suits, leather articles and costume jewelry. The women are apt to stop in the Singer shop for patterns and fabrics, then dream a while in front of Skinner's furniture store before crossing the street to get to the shoe store on the corner, not forgetting to glance down the west side of Main Street to see if anything interesting is happening at the Antique Shop.

And all the while the Hobby Shop is flooding the area with the sounds of the latest pop records, within earshot of the Goodwill Industries store; an appliance shop; a jewelry store; the Movin' Man, a men's store specializing in extremely high platform shoes, wide hats and other far-out fashions; the Dollar Store, which sells merchandise seconds at bargain prices; and the Fabric Shop, which is another good resource for home seamstresses.

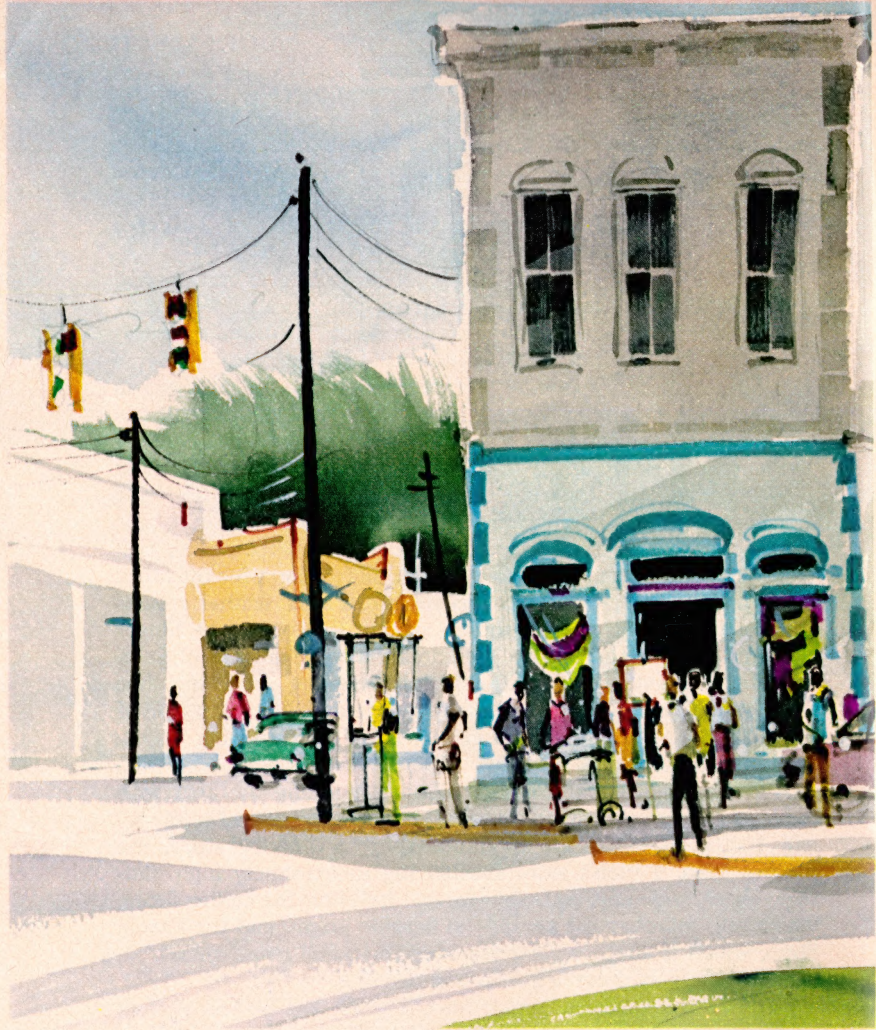
Along the way there is gossip and news:

"Mr. Pinson died last night. Sure it's sad, but he was getting up in age. Must have been 90-96. Still . . ."

"Annie Sue had her baby. A boy. Seven pounds and three ounces. They named him Cleon."

"You know about Hattie James and Joe Turner? Chile, they're getting married in March."

While the women are gossiping and shopping the men are likely to be in the sporting goods store, around the corner from the bank, testing fishing rods and telling fish stories, while the



store manager uses his most expensive rod to demonstrate how he brought in the big ones. The manager freely shares his secrets of where the best ponds are found.

Words of endearment—honey, love, sugar—come easily to the tongue. In more formal conversations, yes or no ma'am—or sir—are always used and with a gentle graciousness peculiar to this



section of the country. However, the typical informal greeting when passing someone—anyone—on the street, or when addressing a friend is, “How ya deuring?”

The business section ends at the north corner of City Hall, where Mayor Johnny Ford has his office and where we pay our utility bills. Here a center lane of grass and low shrubs divides

North Main Street, and on each side of this broad thoroughfare stately antebellum homes sit sedately.

The appearance of Tuskegee, then, is similar to that of many towns of the South. But a sensitive visitor notices something else. For all its languid and courtly Southern ways, Tuskegee has an undercurrent of urgency about it—nothing very obvious to the average visitor but quite noticeable to persons whose antennae



are finely tuned. The reason is the benign presence of Tuskegee Institute out on the Old Montgomery Road—one of the most important schools in the country. Its principal purpose is to educate blacks to teach other blacks, not only in this country but throughout the world. There are more than 3,000 students at the school, highly motivated and idealistic young people, and their presence imparts to the town of Tuskegee an almost evangelical air of hope and optimism.

Tuskegee Institute, founded by Booker T. Washington, owes its existence to two men of the town—Lewis Adams, who had been a slave, and George W. Campbell, who had been an owner of slaves. The irony of it is astounding, but both were enlightened men and both saw that a teachers' school for black people would be as much in the interest of whites as of blacks. The governor

of Alabama signed the school bill on Lincoln's birthday in 1881 and the school opened on July 4 that year. There were 30 pupils. Since then more than 57,000 have enrolled at Tuskegee.

The school had its struggles, its hungry days, its cold nights. But, like many institutions based on humanitarian goals, it thrived on adversity. Facing deprivation, hardship and economic uncertainty, it overcame them. It grew in moral and physical terms. Grasping at apparently impossible goals, it nurtured hope where there had been no hope. The Tuskegee student began to stand out like a beacon to other blacks all over the world and became the personification of the possible among humanitarian whites. The roster of celebrated Americans who have helped the Institute is very long. Carnegie, Rockefeller, Ford, Eastman, Edison, Rosenwald, Stokes are only a few.

So, as they say in Tuskegee, distance is not laid out in miles—four miles straight ahead and then turn right for two blocks. Rather it is reckoned all the way from the dilapidated church in which school opened to the first 100 acres that the school acquired, to Porter Hall (first new building), to the more than 160 major buildings and 19,000 acres of land (at the time of Booker T. Washington's death), and all the milestones along the way. Today the campus consists of approximately 5,200 acres and the land and buildings are valued in excess of \$30 million. The Institute employs about 1,200 persons. Endowment is in excess of \$14 million.

A part of Booker T. Washington's genius was his ability to attract competent associates. With remarkable prescience he recruited George Washington Carver in 1896. Dr. Carver's discoveries in working with the peanut, sweet potato and native clays, and his new concepts of how these and other products could be used, were major factors in revitalizing the economy of the South. For 40 years this gentle, selfless man taught and worked in his laboratory at Tuskegee Institute. At his death Dr. Carver left his life savings for the establishment of the Carver Research Foundation, which continues to give impetus to excellent teaching and scientific research.

The homes in Tuskegee are a blend of the very old and the fashionably new, and in the town of Tuskegee and its periphery there are approximately 40 lovely antebellum mansions. Some of the most interesting of these are the William Varner home, built before 1860; the Alexander Whatley house, built in the

1850s; the Rogers house, which local residents know as the Sayre home (once owned by the grandmother of Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald); and Grey Columns.

Legend has it that Grey Columns was instrumental in saving the town of Tuskegee from the scorched earth policy of General James Wilson's Raiders, who passed through the town in the closing days of the Civil War. It so happened that young Ed Varner, whose family lived in Grey Columns at the time, was a fraternity brother of an officer of Wilson's command. The Raiders had been ordered to burn Tuskegee to the ground. However, when the officer in charge learned that Varner lived in the big house down the road he spared all of Tuskegee.

Things happen in Tuskegee. A city of some 12,000, of whom three quarters are black, it has a black mayor and a biracial council. The races cooperate, and with the influence of the Institute on the whole community there is enormous forward thrust. It shows in ambitious plans for housing and recreational projects and industrial growth.

Tuskegee Institute's influence is felt throughout the world. A student exchange program operates in underdeveloped countries. The School of Veterinary Medicine is rated the second best in the nation. Recently Dr. Booker T. Whatley, professor of plant science at Tuskegee Institute, presented a paper at the annual meeting of the International Plant Propagators' Society in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Dr. Whatley has received worldwide recognition for his work in developing a new strain of sweet potato.

The federal government's decision to designate Tuskegee Institute as a National Historic Site has also greatly increased interest in Tuskegee. Three important landmarks are:

The Oaks, home of Dr. Booker T. Washington. This house was built of handmade bricks by Tuskegee students.

The George W. Carver Museum, which houses Dr. Carver's laboratory and samples of the products he developed.

Grey Columns, the old Alexander-Varner mansion, which will be used as a visitors' center and headquarters for the National Park Service after restoration.

There are many cities of the South worth visiting. Much of the countryside around them is beautiful and in many of them are the glorious homes built before the Civil War. Tuskegee has all that, but it has more. It is the focus of a great past, a determined present and a hopeful future. □

WHEN GRANADA made its debut in the fall of 1974, it was described as a car designed for the times. Car buyers proved that statement true. They were so impressed with Granada that they made it the best-selling newcomer for the 1975-model year.

Granada for 1976 is designed to be even better. It offers improved fuel economy and a smoother, quieter ride. The car is offered in two series: Granada and Granada Ghia. Both are available in two- and four-door models.

by Michael E. Maattala

GRANADA

Economical and Elegant

Granada is a handsome, functional car. It is about the same size as the Mercedes 280 and has ample interior room. Granada provides five-passenger seating comfort, yet it is about a half ton lighter and two feet shorter than most standard-sized cars.

Outside there's a chrome-plated luxury-styled grille, bright stainless steel full wheel covers, bright moldings and a stand-up hood ornament. Two-door models feature distinctive opera windows and ex-



Granada's vinyl bench seat

ceptionally wide door openings that allow easy entry to the rear seat.

A new bench seat highlights Granada's standard interior. Seats and door panels are trimmed in easy-to-care-for vinyl. There is cut-pile carpeting on the floor and a burled woodgrain appliqué on the instrument panel.

The interior for the top-of-the-line Ghia features a flight bench seat with a "floating pillow" sew design and rear map pockets, thick cut-pile carpeting, and luxury door

Granada Ghia Four-Door



trim panels with burl woodgrain appliques on the upper door sills. Additional appointments include a day-night mirror, color-keyed deluxe belts and carpeted trunk.

Ghia's extra touch of elegance carries over to the exterior, too. Color-keyed molding runs along the bodyside and is integrated with wheel-lip moldings. Dual accent paint stripes brighten up the hood, bodyside and decklid. There's also a lower back panel appliqué, Ghia ornamentation, left-hand remote-control mirror, and full deluxe wheel covers.

Both series come with an impressive list of standard functional equipment. All models are equipped with steel-belted radial-ply tires, manual front disc brakes, solid state ignition and turn-signal-mounted wiper/washer control.

The standard power team consists of a 200-CID Six (not available in California) and a three-speed manual transmission. Three optional engines are available: a 250-CID Six, a 302-CID V-8 and a 351-CID V-8. The manual transmission is standard with the Sixes and the 302. SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic is optional with the 250 and 302, and is standard with the 351.

Engineers have improved Granada's fuel economy by recalibrating the engines for optimum spark timing and carburetion, adding catalytic converters for 100 percent usage with all engines, reducing the rear axle ratios for both manual

and automatic transmissions, and installing a more sophisticated exhaust gas recirculation system.

In Granada's first year on the market, two of its strongest points were its smooth ride and interior quietness. To improve the ride, engineers made adjustments to the front suspension, front and rear springs, engine mount, shock absorbers and front stabilizer bar. Lowering the rear axle ratios, a move made primarily to help improve fuel economy, also reduced engine and driveline noise. Improvements to Granada's interior sound package were made chiefly by increasing the use of insulating and sound-deadening material.

After last year's introduction, Granada lengthened its list of optional equipment by adding four-wheel disc brakes, power seats, a Traction-Lok axle, and power moonroof.

New options this year include speed control, tilt steering wheel, AM radio with stereo tape, half-vinyl roof (two-doors), power door locks, color-keyed remote-control outside mirrors, heavy-duty suspension, interval windshield wipers, automatic seat back and parking brake releases, and styled steel wheels (with or without trim rings).

Offered as an option on base Granada models is the new Interior Decor Group. It's highlighted by a flight bench seat, deluxe door trim and deluxe steering wheel. Extra-cost optional bucket seats are avail-





Ghia Two-Door with optional bucket seats, leather trim

*Ghia Four-Door with Luxury Decor Option—
an eyecatcher inside and out*



able as part of this group. Another new group—the Sports Sedan Option—is available on the base Granada Two-Door. Exterior features include a half-vinyl roof, color-keyed remote-control outside mirrors, styled steel wheels with gold accents, and hood, bodyside and decklid accents. Inside, there are bucket seats, floor shift, leather-wrapped steering wheel and deluxe door trim. A heavy-duty suspension completes the package.

The Luxury Decor Option is a new group designed specifically for the Ghia Four-Door. This group provides additional elegance inside and out. Buyers have their choice of ribbed velour cloth and super-soft vinyl bucket seats (leather seating surfaces available at extra cost). Other interior appointments are an illuminated visor vanity mirror, rear seat center armrest, luxury steering wheel and console.

Exterior features of this option include a two-tone paint treatment (in tan/black or silver/black), lacy spoke cast aluminum wheels and front and rear bumper rub strips with dual white stripe inserts.

Granada models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: Deluxe Bumper Group, white sidewall tires, bodyside and decklid accent molding, vinyl roof, Luxury Decor Option, bucket seats, leather-wrapped steering wheel, power windows, AM/FM stereo radio, Visibility Group, leather seating surfaces. □

COLLECTING CENTENNIAL SOUVENIRS

*Finding a keepsake from the nation's
100th birthday celebration isn't easy,
but the search is worthwhile*

story and photos by Stan Gores



AS THE NATION MOVES closer to the Bicentennial celebration, antique enthusiasts of all ages have taken to the open road in search of mementoes of our country's past, particularly those produced for the great Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

The field of collectibles from that historic event is almost endless—flags, fans, paperweights, medals, bread trays, statuettes, inkwells, kerosene lamps, books, samplers, quilts, toys, beer mugs, bells, pattern glass, stereo cards and scores of other items. And making the hunt all the more competitive is the fact that in 1976 all of these things will meet the 100-year-old standard to qualify officially as antiques.

Those who are on the prowl for such souvenirs have one advantage working in their favor—many of these souvenirs were dated, just as their counterparts are dated for modern World Fairs. That's a big plus in the delicate matter of making identifications. The Centennial Exhibition was held from May 10 to November 10 in Philadelphia, and manufacturers helped observe the occasion by stamping their wares either with the dates 1776-



Wedgwood pitcher



Staffordshire cream pitcher



Ironstone bread tray

1876 or simply with the word "Centennial."

Anyone who collects antiques knows that authenticating them isn't an easy task. It's one thing to be able to prove that a rocker has been passed down through the family all the way from great-grandmother's era in New York. It's another to find something yourself and convince your friends that you haven't simply been taken in by a smooth-talking seller. Centennial souvenirs, on the other hand, offer welcome relief. The dates and the Centennial markings give authority to the owner's credibility by speaking for themselves.

While Pennsylvania and other Eastern states provide the most lucrative area for Centennial souvenirs there is good hunting everywhere in the country—and even in Canada. More than nine million visitors journeyed to Philadelphia's Fairmount Park for the Centennial and the mementoes they purchased there have been carted to all parts of the nation. On two successive weekends at flea markets in a little Wisconsin town one collector found scarce souvenirs from the Centennial. A lady in Oregon discovered some hard-to-find pattern glass. And an antique dealer in Florida several times has offered rare Centennial items for sale. Souvenirs keep showing up all the time—even though some collectors are convinced that antique dealers have put many of them away to await higher prices in 1976.

Not everything made for the 1876 Centennial was produced by American firms, of course. There were exhibits from 50 nations on the Centennial grounds, including the famous Haviland & Co. of Limoges, France, for example. The Haviland firm offered some beautiful vases for sale, many of them featuring historical decorations, such as the likeness of George Washington and the names of famous Americans. And the Thomas Stevens firm of Coventry, England, turned out some beautiful silks—now known as Stevensgraphs—that have become collectors' items.

This is not unusual. Visitors to the Centennial were attracted to the displays of other nations, as well as to the exhibits of U.S. companies, and foreign exhibitors aimed much of what they sold directly at the tastes of the American market.

Nevertheless, the kind of mementoes most in demand today were made in this country. In the field of pattern glass, collectors are trying to assemble sets in the Liberty Bell, Viking Centennial and Washington Centennial patterns as well as Log Cabin, Frosted Eagle and other oddly-assorted pieces such as Shield



W. T. Copeland & Sons Staffordshire cup and saucer. China matchholder



lamps and Miss Columbia bread trays.

Some of these pieces were made right on the Centennial grounds by the Gillinder & Sons glass factory of Philadelphia. The Gillinder glassmakers produced many excellent souvenirs, including statuettes in milk-white and clear glass with a frosted finish in honor of Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and Grant. Although history does not give Grant the stature of the others, he was President at the time the Centennial opened and was appropriately added to the list. The statuettes are particularly treasured because they are clearly marked "Gillinder & Sons, Centennial Exhibition." Today it is all but impossible to buy one of these scarce souvenirs for anything less than \$250.

But in many other areas of collectibles, prices are not so steep. Stereo cards picturing Centennial buildings and scenes still can be purchased for about \$3 each. Centennial fans, usually featuring an advertisement or decoration of some sort, sell for anywhere from \$40 to \$65. Guidebooks that were hawked on the grounds or the streets of Philadelphia bring from \$15 to \$35. Beer mugs with the dates 1776-1876 frequently are offered for sale at \$20 to \$35. There are many medals ranging in price from a low of \$10 to \$150 or more. Ironstone bread trays that show pictures of the Centennial buildings usually bring \$150. Paperweights in good condition cost anywhere from \$50 to \$250.

In addition, there are Centennial buttons, tradecards, calendars, watches, wooden medals, kerchiefs, pincushions, scrapbooks, Centennial copies of *Leslie's Illustrated*, banks, games and even harmonicas. All of these things are still around, waiting to be found in someone's attic, in an off-the-beaten-path antique shop, at flea markets and even occasionally at rummage sales.

Collectors have taken to the back roads in many states, trying to find them, and others have advertised nationally, hoping someone will offer a rare find for sale.

Over the years, Centennial souvenirs have passed from one generation to the next. Fifteen years ago, nobody seemed to pay much attention to them and they could be purchased at modest prices. But now there's a growing awareness that our country is nearly 200 years old and the mementoes of our 100th birthday party have gained new prestige and value.

In this era when Americana is in high fashion, souvenirs of the great 1876 Centennial Exhibition will keep coming on stronger than ever. □



action van

IT'S NOT exactly out of Buck Rogers, but a portable miniature camera and a Ford Econoline Van have combined to revolutionize electronic news gathering in the Cleveland area. Named "Action Cam" by WEWS-TV, the camera provides viewers with live coverage of local news events. It's a first for Ohio stations, and makes WEWS-TV one of the few outlets in the United States to have such equipment in operation. A WEWS-TV news team first used Action Cam—as a conventional news camera—in June 1974. The station added videotaping capabilities in mid-September and went "live" for the first time in late November. Since then, Action Cam has beamed live coverage of a triple three-alarm fire, the New

Year's Eve celebration on Public Square, an East Side explosion, a teachers strike and numerous other stories. Basically, the operation works like this: A camera man, a technician and a reporter arrive on the scene in the station's Econoline Van. The camera, which weighs about 20 pounds and has a battery pack, sends a signal back to the van via a small transmitter. An antenna dish atop the van microwaves the signal to any one of four receivers located outside the 37th floor of Cleveland's Terminal Tower. The signal is then microwaved to a receiver on top of the WEWS-TV building. The signal to the Terminal Tower also can be bounced off buildings or other objects if a direct "path" is unavailable. □

Nocturnal

by James P. Jackson

paintings by Robert J. Lee

SOME PEOPLE are soothed into peaceful slumber as it serenades far into the night; others wish they could gag its noisy throat. Throughout our eastern woodlands it fills the early summer nights with its oft-repeated chants—*whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will*. It is, without a doubt, one of the most persistent vocalists in all the bird world.

The famous early American naturalist John Burroughs once reported being awakened by chants of a whippoorwill. Instead of trying to lull himself back to sleep by the time-honored method of counting sheep, he did the obvious: He counted whippoorwill calls. But slow in getting to sleep again, he later reported that, "This bird laid on the back of poor Will, one thousand and eighty-eight blows with only a pause here and there, as if to take a breath."

Most birds have a song of some sort, to proclaim dominion over mates and nesting territories, but why does this one have to repeat itself to such extremes?

Nobody really knows, but every time I hear a whippoorwill it plucks the strings of nostalgia. Once more



Bigmouth



I am a boy on my first night in the woods, vainly pursuing its call in the dark.

A gullible bird

The first whippoorwill I ever saw came as the result of a practiced imitation; it is a gullible bird. After more practice I was able to demonstrate my skill, one moonlit night, to another bird enthusiast. He watched one hover a few feet above me and chided, "Don't ruffle your feathers, but that bird made a pass at you." What I had done, actually, was to fool the bird into thinking another male was giving vocal challenge to its nesting territory. But I have learned that even without imitations, male whippoorwill are curious enough to hover close to humans who trespass on their domains. In moonlight the males can be distinguished from females by a white band across the throat and by white outer tail feathers.

Birds are creatures of instinct. Yet from watching and listening to whippoorwill, I have discovered that males fly a sort of beat around their nesting territory every half hour or so. In the process they stop at favorite perches to render their bigmouthed orations as warnings to other males to keep their distance. Defending a territory is instinctive with birds but, of course, learning the beat is not.

The whippoorwill has a big mouth in more than one respect. Behind its deceptively small beak

is a gape which opens fully two inches wide to serve as the perfect trap for its diet of night-flying insects. Stiff bristles on both sides, adapted from cheek feathers, help guide the victims inward. To give some idea of the efficiency and appetite of this nocturnal insect trap: One naturalist reported extracting 36 moths from the digestive tract of a whippoorwill hit by his car an hour after dark. Since insect-eating birds have quick digestion, it was assumed this one caught all the moths in less than two hours.

Bigmouthed family

Whippoorwill summer throughout our Eastern forests except in the Southern states; there they are replaced by the larger chuck-will's-widow which also sings its name distinctly. In the midsouth one can often hear both species in the same woods and easily recognize the differences. Both types belong to a group of bigmouthed birds known as goatsuckers from an old superstition claiming that one European relative, the nightjar, could milk goats. Two other members of the group native to the U.S. are the poor-will and the nighthawk.

One distinction of the poor-will, a weaker-voiced resident of western states, is that it is the only bird known to hibernate. When food is scarce and temperatures low, the poor-will hides in rock crevices while its body temperature drops from over 100 degrees to about 40



degrees Fahrenheit; it can remain in this depressed condition for months. Some people confuse the whippoorwill with the nighthawk, a day- and night-flying goatsucker with long, white-patched wings, which is commonly seen over cities as well as open lands. The whippoorwill, however, never flies in daylight except when flushed from its ground roost or from its nest.

At nesting time the whippoorwill merely scoops out a leafy depression on the forest floor. Its two white, faintly speckled eggs are always deposited in a spot well exposed from above. Since the species has weak feet (the birds perch lengthwise on tree limbs) and the incubating female is hardly able to walk, she must have clear landing from above. But knowing all this does not help

When I flushed the female from her eggs, she flew a short distance and flopped into the broken-wing act so typical of ground-nesting birds. But she added a peculiar twist of her own. She opened her huge mouth and gasped as if suffering a strange, terrible death. Finally, after luring me some distance from her precious eggs, she rose as silently as an owl and flew behind some trees in a perfect disappearing act.

Incubation takes about 20 days and newly hatched whippoorwills are down-covered powder puffs punctuated by two dark eyes. They are buff-colored and, on a carpet of woodland leaves, are as well camouflaged as their elusive parents. From the time they leave the nest, two to three days after hatching,

little is known about their growth and development. The way the adults become totally silent by midsummer, one might think that the whole family has beat the rush of autumn's southward migrations. But not so. In late summer, for

those who can hear above the din of crickets, katydids and other noisy insects, whippoorwills let us know that they still haunt our woodlands. □



in finding a nest. A female on her eggs has perfect camouflage and will not flush readily. The only nest I ever found was discovered purely by accident.

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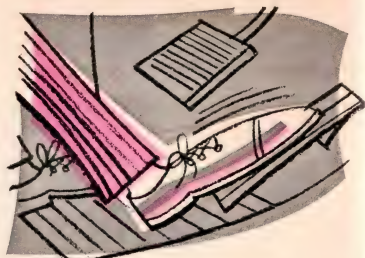
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You, Your Car and

NO MATTER what kind of car you have, or how it's equipped, there are two important factors that affect how much gasoline you use—and you can control both of them: (1) the mechanical condition of your car, and (2) how you drive it.

A well-tuned, properly maintained car will deliver better mileage than its neglected twin. Assuring that your car is mechanically capable of giving its best is up to you. Follow the maintenance schedule in your Ford Motor Company owner's manual.

How you drive probably will have the biggest influence on the amount of gas you use. In terms of maximum fuel economy, most of us are guilty of at least a few bad habits that can be corrected.

Maintenance Tips

Because a properly maintained car is a must for maximum gas mileage, you should be certain that—

- Tires are inflated to manufacturer's recommended pressure.
- Spark plugs are clean, properly gapped and firing efficiently. Make sure spark plug wires are not cracked or broken and timing is correct.
- Carburetor is adjusted to manufacturer's specifications.
- Air cleaner is dirt-free to allow proper engine "breathing."
- Wheels are in alignment.

Personal Driving Tips

It is never easy to change established driving habits. But by consciously "thinking fuel economy" and following these suggestions when you drive, you can stretch your mileage:



Better Gas Mileage

- Avoid changes in speed as much as possible. Constant speeds produce the best mpg.

- Look ahead and anticipate traffic signal changes. Slow down to make the "green" rather than hurrying to a stop.

- Slow down. A light foot is one of the best assurances of good mileage. Use Ford's optional speed control on flat stretches of highway.

- Don't pump the accelerator before starting the engine.

- Avoid long periods of idling. If you are in for a wait of more than half a minute at a train crossing or waiting for a passenger, turn off the engine.

- "Warm-up" idling in winter wastes gas. Start the car just before you are ready to drive.

- Avoid streets with numerous traffic lights or stop signs.

- Avoid fast starts. They are murder on gas mileage. Resist the temptation to be away first from the light.

- Coast to a stop when possible. Sudden stops waste gas.

- Don't "ride" the brake.

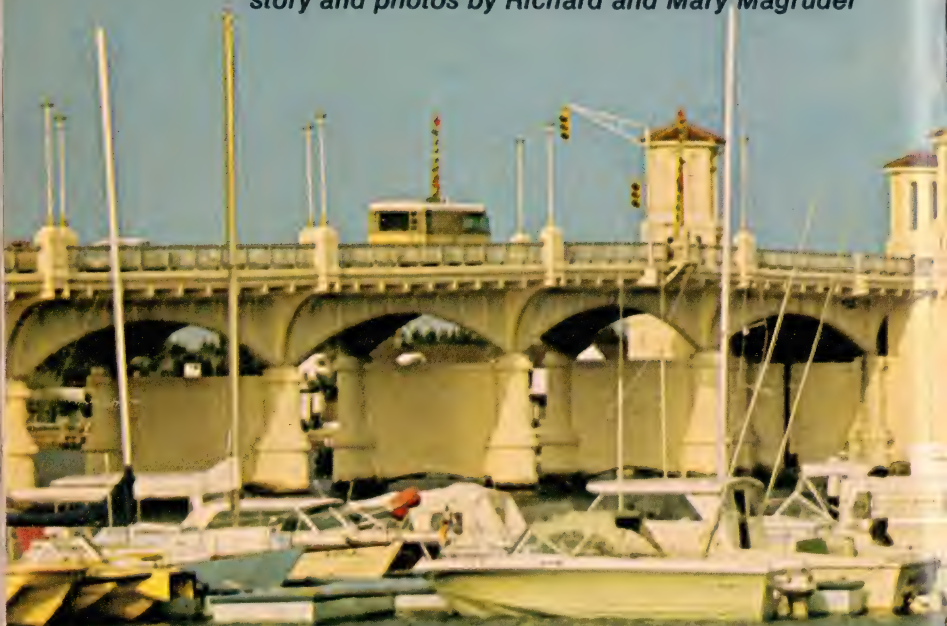
- Keep loads light. Store golf clubs or other gear at home, rather than in your car's luggage compartment. Ford engineers say each additional 100 pounds of weight costs an extra two-tenths of a mile per gallon.

- Organize your trips. Chances are you can make one trip and do the errands that otherwise might take two or three.

In calculating gasoline mileage, take an average of at least five full tanks of gasoline before establishing an mpg average. Don't try to determine accurate mpg until the car has been driven at least 1,000 miles. Mileage usually increases after the "break-in" period. □

St. Augustine: Where Our Saga Began

story and photos by Richard and Mary Magruder



IT HAD BEEN ONLY a 750-mile round trip out of our Atlanta home base. But it might as well have been a journey of 7,500 miles. The streets had names such as Sevilla, Aviles and Castillo. Many homes were pure Spanish colonial, and the walls and foundations of some had



been there for more than three centuries.

The inevitable, star-shaped fortress was called Castillo de San Marcos, and local heroes bore such illustrious names as Pedro Menéndez and Ponce de León.

"So," neighbors inquired on our return, "what's it like there?" Upon reflection, we could only reply, "It's a great deal like Spain and a bit like England, with slight overtones of France. But precious little of it is like the U.S. we've known so well for so long."

Yet we hadn't been abroad. Indeed, our trip had only taken us across one Southeastern state and into a corner of another. Nevertheless, we had journeyed to the fountainhead—to the place where our saga began. We had been to St. Augustine, on Florida's eastern seaboard.

Historical microcosm

No other place in the country is such a near-perfect historical microcosm of the entire nation. St. Augustine embodies in one snug and pretty package most of the U.S. formative heritage. Furthermore, the history of the town is also an accurate reflection of the history of all the major Western seafaring and trading nations.

While the rest of the country prepares for the nation's Bicentennial celebration, St. Augustine is already a full decade past the observance of its own 400th anniversary. St. Augus-

tine is far and away the oldest city in the country. As indisputable history shows, it was a thriving military anchorage long before the first settlers began their struggles to survive an initial winter on an island near the mouth of Virginia's James River. Precisely, St. Augustine was established as a strategic base for the formidable Spanish armada in 1565—42 years before Jamestown was founded.

Spanish outpost

The roofs and walls of several rich and varied cultures rise permanently over the foundations of St. Augustine, suffusing the little city with an unmatched cosmopolitan and iridescent patina. Claimed by the Spanish and founded as a sturdy outpost of Mother Spain, St. Augustine was plundered and contested by the British and French, whose own influences then subtly settled over the origins of the city. Finally—along with the rest of Florida territory—St. Augustine was ceded to the U.S. in 1821, and has been within the American orbit and under an Americanizing influence ever since.

Although it was the first of Florida's famed resorts, St. Augustine has long since paled in comparison with Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale or Miami Beach as a posh retreat. It is no longer highly favored by the arbiters of fashion and fad.

As a happy and preferable

consequence, though, St. Augustine residents have been able for some years to concentrate their considerable talents, good taste and prodigious energies on the re-creation of those historic times when the city was one of America's most *authentically* important places.

They're not finished yet, either, but the strides they've taken are evident on every side in today's St. Augustine. At the time the city

deur, and the plan's goals have been exceeded several times.

Historians teamed with archaeologists to determine—with a remarkable fidelity—precisely the locations and dimensions of over a hundred buildings: homes, shops, offices and civic structures. Then, artisans, masons and knowledgeable builders joined forces to restore nearly 70 of these buildings into a near-complete city plan of near-



Maiden hand-dips water from "Fountain of Youth"

was about to celebrate its Quadricentennial, the restoration had only begun to gather momentum. Now they're entering the last quarter of a 21-year Master Plan, aimed at the re-creation of a high degree of the city's bygone gran-

perfection. As a result, St. Augustine is one of the most distinctive, picturesque and evocative places in the entire country.

Along St. George Street alone, from the venerable City Gates to the gracious midtown Plaza de



The Old
Curiosity
Shop

Museum
of
Yesterday
Toys

la Constitucion, are some 50 structures, and it is one of St. Augustine's most appealing and purely pedestrian byways. Other streets with notable examples of restoration and reconstruction are Aviles, Cuna, Spanish and Treasury, with isolated buildings recently opened on Menendez and King Streets.

Many handsomely restored buildings, especially along charming St. George, now house gift shops, boutiques, ice cream parlors and other such commercial enterprises, thus combining form and function—art and industry—in well-blended unity. Some places, though, have been painstakingly furnished with period pieces from Spain and France, and are open as living museums. Uppermost among these is the lovely Old Spanish Inn (one of the original restorations), and the Oldest House, well south of the main area. Also open for viewing are the Ximenes-Fatio House, the St. Francis Inn, Don Toledo House and gracious Casa Sanchez.

Site of first church

Several blocks to the north of the central restored city is another of St. Augustine's riches, sheltered in a cool grove of live oaks, overlooking Matanzas Bay. No visitor should miss the little, ivy-covered Mission Nombre de Dios. It was the first church in our oldest city, and

National flags from St. Augustine's past flutter above shoppers along restored St. George Street

is a tiny jewel of a Spanish chapel.

Other St. Augustine entrepreneurs (perhaps less historically inclined, but exercising some taste and varying degrees of restraint) have built numerous attractions here and there about the city. In the same grove of trees as Nombre de Dios is the so-called Fountain of Youth, an imaginative but imaginary creation of the wellspring of perpetual juvenility sought so assiduously by Juan Ponce de León, the first European ever to set foot in these regions. However fanciful, it is well done and worth a stopover. At other scattered locations in St. Augustine are a Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" Museum, the Zorayda Castle, the superb Lightner Museum's collection of Americana, the former Hotel Ponce de León which is now Flagler College, Potter's Wax Museum, and, a bit farther down the coast, the original Marineland, the nation's first major display aquarium for countless sea creatures.

Small as the city is and snug as is the area, there seems to be no end to the appeal of St. Augustine. It is, beyond any question, the most European of all American cities and, more specifically, the most Spanish place anywhere in this vast land. Situated on a little arm of the Atlantic, it is—a thousand Southwestern and Western towns notwithstanding—the most Latin town in the U.S. and one of our most attractive historical cradles of history. □



Five Ways to

(Editor's Note: Roderick Wilkinson is a noted Scottish fishing authority. Here, he discusses a problem common to anglers the world over.)

THE TIME to start campaigning is two weeks ahead. You wait till the children are in bed, then you look tired, rub your eyes and wait for your wife to say, "Tired?"

"A bit."

"You need a rest."

"I feel that way."

"You should take a rest at the weekend."

Then you sigh, "Y'know, I *could* do with a breather in the open air."

"Why don't you go fishing?"

"Well—no. At least, not *this* Saturday. There's the garden."

"What about Saturday week?"

"Mh. You think I should?"

"Of course. It'll do you good. Why don't you phone George?"

It's as easy as that. What you don't tell your wife is that you've already fixed it all up for Saturday week with George to meet him that day at 8 a.m. at his house, that you've gone over your

equipment and he's got a ticket for both of you to fish the lower stretch of a river where his cousin is the water-bailiff.

There are other techniques, of course. One of my favorites is called The Alternative. You begin by saying, "D'you think I should fix up to go fishing with George *this* Saturday or next?"

"*This* Saturday? Oh, no! We have the Children's Sports Day *this* Saturday and we've *got* to go to that. They're counting on it."

"Oh, yes—I'd forgotten." You sigh. "Ah, well—I'll just leave it off till the following Saturday. George'll understand."

"Yes, that'll be much better."

Another device I have used (when I am really desperate and George has managed to fix a date for a river and it's next Saturday or nothing) is called the Painless Prevarication. First you bring in your fishing haversack from the car on Thursday evening. You sit on the other side of the fireplace and you take out your reel, pull off a few yards of line so that the reel makes that lovely whining noise, carefully examine the line and you

by Roderick Wilkinson

paintings by Randall McKissick

Get Off the Hook

say, "Roll on Saturday!"

"Saturday what?"

"Saturday—*this* Saturday."

She stares. "What about it?"

"The Earn."

"What Earn?"



"The River Earn."

"You're *going* to the River Earn?"

"Yes." You look amazed. "I thought you knew."

"*This* Saturday?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know that."

You have a look of hurt astonishment. "Surely you remember: With George. I fixed it up ages ago."

"I don't remember a thing about it."

You're home and dry. You

laugh and say you'll buy her one of those little home diaries at Christmas to help her remember dates, etc.

The best method of the lot, I have found, is to get George to phone *you*. He should do this on a Monday evening about 9:30 and it doesn't really matter what he tells *you* on the phone. What matters is what *you* tell your wife while you hold the telephone in your hand. (Note—*never* put your hand over the receiver; your wife must realize that her every word can be heard by George on the other end.) You begin with a little laugh, "It's George. He's managed to get us on the Lochy on Saturday."

"When? *This* Saturday?"

"Yes. Isn't that lucky? I'd never thought he'd do it but he *has*."

"*This* Saturday? But I thought you were going to do the front lawn."

"The lawn? Yes, that's true. I was, wasn't I?" You sigh audibly. "Well, that's a pity because—"

"But I suppose it can wait." She knows George can hear.

"You think so?" You want George to hear how cooperative she is.

"The grass doesn't look too bad."

"No, it doesn't."

"If you'll do it the following Saturday?"

"With pleasure. Heoo, George? Yes, that'll be fine. What? Oh, I

never have any trouble that way. She's most understanding."

The nearest George ever came to a fate worse than death was the Saturday he ran away. I couldn't believe it when he told me as dawn was breaking 20 miles out of town. I actually stopped the car. "You're kidding!" I said.

"No." "He had a hunted look on his face. "It's a fact. I slipped away."

"You mean you didn't *tell* her you were going fishing today?"

"I hadn't the courage. She wanted me to attend a parent-teachers picnic this afternoon."

I stared at him. "George! She'll kill you."

"I know. You got any whisky?"

"That won't stop her."

"I know. But it'll help me forget about going home tonight."

I poured him a drink. "You mean you just slipped out while she was still asleep?"

"Yes," he drank the whisky.

"But I left a note."

I had to give him more whisky during the day as we fished, otherwise I am certain he would have gone hysterical with worry. Lucy is a strong-minded woman and both of us knew it.

Maybe there's something in that old saying about stolen fruit being the sweetest. What a day we had! The river was running an ideal tea color and the salmon were rolling over like pewter-colored seals at the end of each

pool. The sun shone and the coffee in my flask was wonderful and I had plenty to eat for two of us and we finished the whisky. We also got two salmon each.

As we drove home, George's



conversation became scarcer by the mile.

"It's not too late," I said trying to be cheerful as we drove up his avenue. "It's only 10 o'clock."

"Is that all? Just 10? *That's* not late." He opened the car door nervously. "I'll get my stuff out of the boot." His hands were shaking. "I expect Lucy will still be up." He opened the boot. "Watching the television, I expect." He laughed a little deliriously.

I helped him to get his gear out, then closed my eyes in dread as I heard the front door of his house

open.

Lucy was walking down the garden path. "Is that you, George?"

I hope I never again hear a grown man's voice with such a faked cheery greeting in it as I did when George answered with a high-pitched tremor, "Yes, dear."

She opened the garden gate and came over to the car. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

I stared. George stared. "Yes. Oh, yes—very much." He coughed. "How was the picnic?"

"What picnic?"

"The parent-teachers one."

"That's *next* Saturday."

"Oh." He gulped. "Is it?"

"Yes," she smiled and took his fishing bag. "You remember you said you'd go fishing *this* Saturday so that you'd be free for the picnic *next* Saturday."

"Did I?"

"Of course you did. Now come in both of you—I have a nice supper ready."

I am not too sure *what* this proved to us. I know I gave George a diary for his Christmas that year in the belief that if he was to get off the hook, he would know at least what date it was. □



LOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU
FIND A LITTLE BIT
OF EVERYTHING
BUT GLOVES



A Walk Through Polynesia—If you've always wanted to tour the South Pacific and visit those enchanting islands known as Polynesia, but never had the time, there's a remarkable exhibit called the Polynesian Cultural Center in Hawaii, 35 miles from bustling Honolulu. A traveler on a tight schedule can see the six major Polynesian cultures—Hawaiian, Tahitian, Samoan, Tongan, Figian and Maori—on display in one location. You'll visit village homes,

watch natives work at arts and crafts, listen to native music and even sample *poi*. In addition to the villages, there is an elaborate evening show in an outdoor theatre where performers sing folk songs and put on traditional island dances—the graceful Hawaiian hula, the Tongan conch shell music and war dance, the Samoan fire dance, the mournful music of the Maori trumpet called the *pu kaea*, the hip-swinging Tahitian hula and the Fiji spear dance.



Tasteful Tour—Viniculture enthusiasts can look forward to a special treat when they visit the Sebastiani Winery in Sonoma, California. They'll see wine aged in both the old and new way. The family-owned winery, which produces 30 wines ranging from vermouth to premium varietals, recently installed one of the most modern fermentation cellars in the state. From an observation deck, visitors during the harvest season watch grapes being crushed and fed into 60 giant temperature-controlled stainless steel fermentation tanks. Another part of the free guide-directed tour passes through ancient cellars lined with redwood and oak casks—many decorated with hand-carved scenes and figures. One large redwood cask is inscribed with the family's motto: *Quando Un Bicchiere Invita Il Secondo Il Vino E Buono*—"When One Glass Invites a Second the Wine is Good." After the tour you'll be invited to put the motto to the test in the tasting room where 17 varieties of wine are offered for sampling. The 150-year-old winery is 46 miles north of San Francisco. □

FAVORITE **Recipes** FROM
FAMOUS RESTAURANTS
by Nancy Kennedy



THE STEINBECK HOUSE SALINAS, CALIFORNIA

Dining at the large, gray frame house where John Steinbeck was born in 1902 is a unique experience. It is a gourmet luncheon spot at 132 Central Avenue operated by Valley Guild, a nonprofit organization whose purpose is to maintain and preserve the Nobel Prize winner's home. The restaurant is open for lunch, Monday through Friday, by reservation only. The chef-manager is Dee McAvary. There are two sittings, at 11:45 a.m. and 1:15 p.m.

ELEGANT CHOCOLATE CHEESECAKE

In a blender combine: 4 eggs, 1½ cups sugar, 6 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 8 ounces of cream cheese. Cover and blend until smooth; pour half the mixture into a bowl, then add another 8 ounces of cream cheese to the blender jar, and blend until smooth. Stir 4 cups of sour cream into mixture in the bowl, then blend in remaining cheese mixture from blender. (If using a mixer, beat cheese until smooth, mix in sugar, cocoa, vanilla and eggs, one at a time, then add the sour cream.) Pour chocolate batter into chocolate crust (below) in a cheese cake pan (spring form). Bake in 350° oven for 1 hour and 20 minutes or until edge is set and dull in color, while the 4-inch center diameter is glossy looking.

When cool, remove pan rim and set cake on a serving dish. Pile cream topping (below) in the center of the cake. Grate semi-sweet chocolate over cream.

Chocolate Crust

In a 9-inch spring form pan, blend 2 cups finely crushed chocolate wafer cookie crumbs with ¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and 7 tablespoons melted butter. With a spoon, press crumbs over bottom and 3 inches up the sides.

Cream Topping

In a small electric mixer bowl, cream 3 ounces cream cheese until soft. Gradually add ½ cup whipping cream. Mix at high speed to the consistency of stiffly whipped cream. Blend in ¼ cup powdered sugar and 1 tablespoon crème de cocoa or a coffee flavored liqueur. Cover and chill until ready to use.

CREAMY LETTUCE SOUP

In a 2-quart sauce pan heat 2 tablespoons butter. Add 1 small chopped onion, sauté until soft. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Blend and cook until bubbly. Gradually add 2 cans (10½-ounce) of beef broth to onion mixture. Heat slowly, stir in 2 cups half-and-half cream. Reheat to just below boiling. Shred ¼ head iceberg lettuce—cut across at 1-inch intervals—to make bite size. Put about ¼ cup lettuce into each bowl, ladle hot soup over lettuce and garnish with grated nutmeg or chopped parsley. Serves 6.



painting by Karen Bayer



painting by Lin Ervine



THE WHITE PILLARS BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI

Reminiscent of the antebellum South, this house, of masonry and handmade brick, was built around the turn of the century and patterned after the famous Gunston Hall in Virginia. There are seven antique-filled dining rooms and a lounge. Dinner is served by reservation only. Closed on Christmas Day. The address is 100 Rodenburg Avenue in Biloxi. Virginia Mladich is the owner-manager.

CRAB MUSHROOMS

- 1 pound lump crab meat
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1½ cups heavy cream

HORN OF PLENTY BUTLER, PENNSYLVANIA

The central attraction of this restaurant is a 35-foot-long double buffet table which features over 70 hot or cold dishes. Local artists provide changing decorations with paintings for the walls. It is 5 miles north of Interchange 4 of the Pennsylvania Turnpike on State Highway 8, or 13 miles south of Butler. Open for dinner every day except Monday. Groups may make arrangements for special parties.

SCALLOPED SALMON

- 1 pound can flaked salmon, undrained
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 onion, chopped fine
- ½ green pepper, chopped fine
- 1 cup cracker crumbs

- 1 cup light cream
- 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- ½ cup grated sharp Cheddar
- Pinch nutmeg, salt and white pepper
- ¼ cup dry white wine
- 8 giant mushrooms

In the top of a double boiler, melt butter and blend in flour, stirring constantly. Slowly add cream, grated cheeses, seasonings and remaining ingredients except mushrooms. Sauté mushrooms in a little butter, garlic and wine. Place sautéed mushrooms in a baking dish and pour cream mixture over mushrooms. Sprinkle additional grated cheese over the top and place in 400° oven until the mixture bubbles. If desired, garnish top with sautéed mushroom halves.

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Spoon into 2-quart casserole. Bake in a 350° oven for 1 hour or more until firm and golden brown. Serves 6.

RAISIN BREAD PUDDING

- 1 quart scalded milk
- 2 cups dry raisin bread, cubed
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon vanilla
- ½ pint whipping cream, whipped

Pour milk over bread. Beat eggs, add sugar, salt and vanilla. Combine ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Pour into buttered 3-quart casserole. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon. Bake in 300° oven for 45 minutes or until golden brown. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream. Makes 6 portions.

by Mary Zimmer

illustrations by Tom Sincavitch

The First Thanksgiving— “That Was a Party”



LIKE MOST AMERICANS who have been processed through the public school system, I have always envisioned that first Thanksgiving Day in 1621 in the drab terms of George H. Boughton's widely re-

produced painting, *Pilgrims Going to Church*. It shows about a dozen somberly clad men, women and children trudging doggedly through the snow, the men shouldering muskets against possible Indian attack.

Since this concept makes a rather guilty contrast to the lighthearted gluttony of modern Thanksgiving Days, I was happy to have it dispelled by Dr. George Pickering of the University of Detroit. His field is social ethics but he side-lines in American history, bringing to bear on it the long view of the sociologist and enlivening it with a certain 20th-century breeziness.

"Solemn!" he all but snorts. "That first Thanksgiving was no solemn religious observance—it was a *party*, and a three-day party at that!

"Not that the Pilgrims weren't deeply religious," he adds hastily. "They were all of that, and more. But once the prayers were said and grace asked, they settled down to enjoy a feast they felt they had earned. You might call it a case of 'Praise the Lord and pass the duck and venison!'"

It was less than a year since the Pilgrims had first set foot in a cleared area on Plymouth Bay which had been vacated a few years previously when the Patuxet Indians were wiped out by disease. Since then, they had known hardships and achieved successes undreamed-of in their placid Yorkshire villages:

- They had endured a winter in which half the *Mayflower's* 102 passengers died of the "Great Sickness."

- They had courageously watched their ship sail home on April 5 without them—the first American

colonists to stick it out more than one winter and live to tell about it.

- They had built seven small sturdy houses of squared and sawed timbers (not log cabins), with wooden chimneys daubed with clay.

- They rejoiced in the friendship of Squanto, a Patuxet who had escaped the plague only because he was kidnapped by white adventur-



ers in 1614. Taken to Spain as a slave, he had escaped and stowed away on a ship bound for England, where a kindly merchant befriended him. The miraculous arrival of this English-speaking Indian, to be their guide and friend, must have seemed to the Pilgrims truly the work of

Providence. Who could dispute it?

- The wheat and peas they planted did badly, but the beans produced well and the corn and pumpkins, planted under Squanto's direction with alewives for fertilizer, brought a bumper crop. This, with wild game, fish and shellfish, would keep them through the winter.

- They had concluded a treaty of mutual assistance with Massasoit, sachem of the powerful Wampanoags, that was to be honored for 54 years.

- They had begun fur-trading with the Indians, acquiring two hogsheads of beaver pelts; this was to be their principal means of paying off their onerous debt to their London financial backers in only seven years.

- With the Mayflower Compact, they had established a strong, stable self-government—no small achievement for a people not much used to governing themselves.

"By this time, with all this behind them, the Pilgrims finally felt that they were going to make it," Dr. Pickering says. "It was time for a little fun. And since they were a robust people—otherwise they would not have survived—they had a robust celebration."

Most of what we know about it comes from a letter written December 11, 1621, by Edward Winslow to a friend in England. When Massasoit and 90 other Indians, including women and children, arrived at Plymouth for a visit on a

bright fall day, the Pilgrims decided to make this the occasion for a general feast of thanksgiving. They prepared wild turkey, goose and duck, seafood, corn bread and pumpkin. Massasoit contributed five deer for roasting. Tables were improvised from split logs placed on trestles. Pilgrims sat on stools or logs;



Indians sat on the ground as was their custom. The Indians eagerly consumed the probably-rancid butter left over from the *Mayflower's* original store. If there were alcoholic beverages, Winslow doesn't mention them, though only two years later a lively ditty being sung

in the colony would boast, “. . . We can make liquor to sweeten our lips/Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut tree chips.”

For three days they reveled, eating all they could hold, and going back to eat even more. Games were played and foot races run. The Pilgrims put on a display of marks-



manship with their muskets; the Indians exhibited their prowess with bow and arrow, proving equally accurate, though at shorter range.

Winslow, usually a dour writer, includes the unusually optimistic remark that “I never in my life remember a more seasonable year

than we have here enjoyed, and if we have once but kine, horses and sheep, I make no question but men might live as contented here as in any part of the world.”

A short time later he was probably ready to eat these words. A second ship arrived from England bearing 35 more would-be colonists who, since they brought no provisions or equipment, were to place a severe strain on the resources of the colony, resulting in another winter of hardship.

Governor Bradford noted their arrival rather grimly: “The plantation was glad of this addition of strength, but could have wished that many of them had been of better condition, and all of them better furnished with provisions.” (This is from his remarkable book, *Of Plymouth Plantation*, as edited by Samuel Eliot Morison.)

“Governor Bradford comes across as some kind of man,” Dr. Pickering muses, lapsing into today’s slang. “He never courted danger but he never shrank from it. He was re-elected 30 times, serving from 1621 to 1656, except for five years when others were persuaded to take over the job. He was a brilliant leader and a skillful diplomat.”

He also had the good sense to know that there is a time to labor and a time to feast.

So on that first Thanksgiving Day, Pilgrims and Indians feasted with a right good will. As we do now. Pass the turkey! □

MENTION INDIANA and people may think of apple cider, farms and hills, factories and steel mills, old songs, Indians—but not pearls. Yet, beginning around 1900, Indiana experienced a pearl rush that involved almost as many fortune seekers as the California gold rush. The fresh-water pearls were genuine. They came from mussels (*genus Unio*) found in the Wabash River.

Actually, the pearl boom was an offshoot of the button business. Before plastic, button manufacturers used mother-of-pearl—a hard, iridescent substance forming the inner layer of the mollusk shell. Fishermen hauled up tons of mussels and sold them to factories along the river banks. When pearls were discovered in a few shells the rush was on.

Along the river and lining the streets of Vincennes (which had one of the largest privately owned button factories in the United States) were hundreds of tiny, ramshackle booths and stalls where the hustle-bustle business of pearl buying and selling took place, day or night, rain or shine. A May issue of the *Vincennes Sun* in 1906 reported:

“So enticing has become the pearl business that farmers and others who need help at this season complain bitterly that the pearl camps have captured the crowd. There are hundreds of camps in view of the city on either bank of the Wabash. There are in this city more than a score of buyers and shipment of a single firm in a day has reached \$10,000.”

Somebody outside soon realized the immensity of the Vincennes pearl industry.

Pearl buyers discovered Indiana’s “sweet-water” pearls. Men from Paris,

Budapest, Bukhara, and from cities in Spain, Belgium and

England invaded the Wabash valley, forming an area of gaudy costumes and exotic language that attracted almost as many onlook-

ers as they did business. The man on the street could always find entertainment in watching these

shrewd buyers weigh and examine each pearl. Many of those watching were newspaper reporters, eager for the latest and most exciting pearl story. This report in the *Vincennes Sun*, August 17, 1906, is typical:

“Ben Foster, mussel digger by occupation, found a fine button

The Great Indiana Pearl Rush

by Sisley Barnes

paintings by Max Altekruze



pearl Thursday . . . He cashed a check for \$1,000 and took the entire amount home in his pocket."

Pearls were in the news. Average pearls brought \$500 to \$1,000. There were many sold for \$3,000. But for every 32-grain pearl worth \$3,000, there were thousands of small, imperfect, odd-shaped pearls called slugs. The French bought these for \$15 an ounce, to be used as an important ingredient in face powder.

Pearl craze

Pearls became the fashion. The "refined" woman, not wishing to appear ostentatious, chose pearls instead of diamonds, rubies or other glittery stones. She swathed herself in pearls of all sizes, the more the better. Earrings, bracelets, rings, chokers, stomachers, long ropes almost to her knees. Pearls were in demand and "dabbling in pearls" was the thing to do.

Fishing for mussels was hard work. Most of the musselers worked from flat-bottomed rigs, called John-boats, equipped with about 75 hooks. The hooks were fastened to a drag bar which, in turn, was attached to the boat with a piece of light rope. The fisherman pitched the drag into the river and allowed the current to pull the boat along. The mussels lay on the bottom with shells open. When a hook touched a mussel, the shell closed about it and held on until pried off. In shallow water musselers resorted to

forks and tongs to dig the shells from sand bars. Once the shells were in the boat, the hard work began.

Every musseler's dream was to find a pearl that would put him on easy street. But first the mussels had to be "cooked-out." A fire was built in a tin fire box usually set in the river bank. A bucket of water-covered shells was placed in it so the mussels would slowly steam. Once the mussels were cooked-out, the musseler removed the flesh with his fingers, examining each shell carefully for a pearl. The cooking-out process was a smelly and sweaty operation.

"You sweat to catch 'em and then you sweat to cook 'em out," was a popular saying in Pearl City, a shabby, half-mile stretch along the levee—"home" to most of the mussel fisherman.

Colorful variety

Pearls are found in almost any color, but are generally the same tint as the shell that produces them. White pearls are universally popular, but pink pearls are in the greatest demand by American women. A black pearl is extremely rare.

The average person thinks pearls are shaped like little balls, pearls or buttons. But those in the know see fresh-water pearls in many shapes—petals, lilies, arrowheads, all excellent quality. The pearl lilies are usually milk-white and in the form of a calla. They can be especially

beautiful in a mounting of green-gold leaves and a diamond center. Sometimes a button or ball pearl bursts its sac, then lodges in another location in the shell to become the nucleus of a baroque pearl.

Although most pearls found in Wabash mussels were misshaped



slugs of little value, there are stories about fabulous finds. Of particular interest is the legend of the Queen's Pearl.

At the turn of the century, Jumbo Adams, a rough, hard-fisted riverman who lived in Mt. Carmel, Illinois, across the river and downstream

from Vincennes, earned a meager living by digging mussels and selling fish. One cold morning Jumbo got up earlier than usual. Feeling as dreary as the bleak, gray morning, he slipped away from his sleeping family and ambled towards the river.

When the sun came up and he felt its first warmth, he gathered a few mussels from the puddles around his mud-encrusted flat-bottomed boat, scooped river water into his shell bucket and dropped in the mussels. They would make a good breakfast. He built a fire in an old fire box set in the river bank and let the mussels steam. When they were done, he poured off the hot water and, picking up the hot shells, tossed each from hand to hand until they were cool enough to pry open with his sharp fishing knife. He ate the cooled flesh from each, saving the largest, an ugly black mussel, until last. He pried it open, then with a forefinger, probed for the meat. Suddenly his finger struck an object as large as a marble. He tore it from its fastening on the shell and stared unbelieving at the largest pearl he had ever seen. It was hot! Quickly he popped it into his mouth so it would cool gradually and not crack in the cold morning air. Then, polishing his find carefully on the sleeve of his coarse shirt, Jumbo left the river's edge and strode swiftly up the street to the nearest pearl buyer's stall.

"We'll give you \$800 for it,"

said the buyers. Jumbo, who had never had more than \$20 at one time, made the exchange with trembling hands.

Twenty-four hours later a pearl buyer of New York paid \$2,500 for

Alexandra necklace is normally known as the Dagmar necklace, which was given to the then-Princess Alexandra as a wedding present by her father, the King of Denmark.

The legend of the pearl, as told



the pale blue pearl, which weighed 72 grains. The pearl then found its way to Tiffany's and on to the royal jeweler of England, to become the favorite jewel in the famous Queen Alexandra necklace. According to Anne Hawkins, assistant press secretary to Queen Elizabeth, the Queen

in a newspaper clipping owned by Frank Stein, nephew of the pearl buyer Milt Iaun, and one of the few people in Mt. Carmel still in possession of Wabash River pearls, reads:

"The most brilliant pearl in the wonderful necklace that the Dow-

ager Queen Alexandra wore at the recent coronation of her son, George V, came from the Wabash River, and was found by Jumbo Adams, who is serving a sentence in the Illinois Penitentiary at Chester." (Soon after Jumbo became "rich," his drinking and boasting got him into real trouble and he shot a man.)

Queen's search

About this time, according to the legend, the Queen's pearl lost the luster and sheen that made it so magnificent. While the royal jeweler sought a match for the "dying" pearl, Alexandra, intrigued and mystified, decided to search out its origin. When she learned that the finder of her treasure was in prison, she began immediate proceedings to set him free. By her generous efforts and those of a Judge Green in Mt. Carmel, Jumbo was freed.

"After the Queen got Jumbo out of prison," a musseler told picnickers one summer evening in 1962, "the pearl came to life again and glowed with its original luster."

Like the pearl, this story refuses to die. It crops up again and again—different details, but always the same theme.

Some of the Wabash River pearls became part of great jewel collections. "Our collection of fresh-water pearls was a gift from B. Durwood Howes of Los Angeles," says Paul E. Desautels, curator, Division of Mineralogy at the Smithsonian Insti-

tution. "For many years the Howes jewelry company specialized in and promoted fresh-water pearls and pearl jewelry."

During the '30s and '40s, interest in musseling began to wane. Today, however, there is a revival that stems from the waters of the Orient. Employing the same basic methods of fishing for mussels, today's musseler cooks out the shells, then grinds them into tiny particles called beads. These beads are sent to Japan and used to "seed" salt-water oysters. The result is a cultured pearl. Mussel shells from the Wabash River in Indiana and from the Tennessee River have an extraordinary translucence that makes them particularly valuable to the Japanese.

What has become of the fresh-water pearl?

"I have only a two-year supply and don't know when I'll get any more," laments Alex Kower, a designer and jewelsmith in Scottsdale, Arizona. "A little old man used to show up once a year with a leather pouch full of pearls from the Mississippi and Wabash. He seemed to know just what my work called for. But I haven't seen him in several years."

A few fresh-water pearls are still found by individuals, but the woman who sports a ring set with a valuable pearl is most likely wearing part of a Wabash River mussel that went to Japan and returned inside a cultured pearl. □

IT INSPIRES love letters from all over the world. The Grand Duke of Luxembourg gives one to the King of Belgium for Christmas. The Begum Aga Kahn and the Shah of Iran order it, countless movie stars extoll its merits and orders roll in for it along with love letters from nearly every nation.

The object of all this adulation is an old-fashioned fruit cake, called with great understatement "DeLuxe," made in the Collin Street

cided to open a bakery which would specialize in the fruit cake. The floor above the bakery would be an elite private hotel for visiting celebrities. Among the hotel guests and customers of the bakery were such notables as Enrico Caruso, Will Rogers, John J. McGraw and "Gentleman Jim" Corbett. John Ringling North and his circus troupe were frequent guests at the hotel and also brought the Collin Street Bakery its first big Christmas order, 200 cakes,

Cake for the Holidays

by Nancy Kennedy

photo by Leonard P. Johnson

Bakery in the town of Corsicana, Texas (population 20,000), about 50 miles south of Dallas.

It all began back in 1896 when Gus Weidmann, a young German baker, formed a partnership with Thomas McElwee, a wealthy resident of the town and owner of the local opera house. In addition to having great promotional flair, McElwee was the first of a long line of passionate admirers of the superb fruit cake which Weidmann had learned to bake in his native Wiesbaden, Germany. The pair de-

which went to their circus friends all over the world. This spread the cake's fame to faraway places. The Ringling Circus people still order DeLuxe fruit cakes for friends, a holiday tradition dating back over a half century.

Bill McNutt, a tall, genial Texan, has been president of the Collin Street Bakery since 1967. His family bought the bakery in 1946 upon the death of the original partners and proceeded to turn out the famous holiday cakes, using the original German recipe.



"Why change a winning formula?" asks McNutt.

While the ingredients of many foods on the market today read like chemical formulas, McNutt can boast about a completely natural cake (the ingredients are carefully selected for quality from the best markets in the world). The cake batter is a delectable blend of honey, fresh eggs and flour. Each cake contains just enough batter to hold together native Texas hard-shell pecan pieces, which make up 28 percent of the cake by volume, and the generous portions of golden Malaysian pineapple chunks, giant French cherries, plump Turkish and California raisins and Sicilian citron. The top of the cake is glazed with pure sugar and is crowned with a coronet of giant pecan halves and cherries.

Each Collin Street fruit cake is baked to order in a painstaking, expensive process. Six full-time bakers, under the direction of the head baker, Frank Gnoza, constantly monitor the cakes. Nothing is overlooked. For example, Gnoza inspects each cake as it is removed from the oven. Occasionally, he plucks a raisin from the top of a cake. "Blow raisins," he explains. "They rise to the top and blow up. They taste just as good as other raisins but they tend to clutter up the top of the cake so they have to go."

For 10 months of the year the bakery employs a staff of 50 to

meet the off-season demand for fruit cakes and to prepare a full-line of baked goods for Corsicana residents. However, in early October the tempo along Collin Street begins to pick up. Gnoza and the other bakers log long hours in the kitchen as the bakery operates around the clock. Eight hundred local residents become part-time bakers to help fill the avalanche of holiday orders.

In 45 days, three million pounds of fruit cake is baked, wrapped, tinned, boxed and shipped to kings, shahs, movie stars and just plain folks all over the world. In addition to the two-, three- and five-pound cakes (which sell for \$5.95, \$8.35 and \$13.45), the bakery fills special orders, too; like the one from a doctor who orders a 26-pound cake each year for a special holiday party.

When a physician in Mississippi got word that the DeLuxe doesn't contain any brandy or spirits, he sent the bakery a detailed prescription of how to "liven up" a cake with a brandy-filled hypodermic needle. "Needless to say we shelved that particular idea," says Gnoza.

The Collin Street Bakery welcomes visitors to its plant in Corsicana (take U. S. Highway 45 south from Dallas) between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. Monday through Friday. The bakers are hospitable folks who will probably offer you a slice of fruit cake as you tour the bakery. □

The Little Red Imp



by Maude M. Comiskey

MY HUSBAND AND I, two retired crocks, flung discretion to the winds and bought a new Ford Pinto Runabout, perky and bright. It was early spring when we had the brainstorm: a RED car—a LITTLE car—with black carpeting, and vinyl seats with checked cloth inserts.

"But that's a teenager's car!" we said when we first saw it.
"What will our children think?"

They are used to seeing us pull up in that old, gray eight-cylinder model. They'll think we've gone daft."

Like many other retired couples, we were feeling the pinch of rising prices. For some time we had been mulling over the advantages of buying a small car—lower initial cost, ease of parking, and more miles per gallon of gas.

We first looked at foreign cars.

Their snubbed hoods had no appeal. They reminded us of bulldogs. Plus, friends in our area warned us of trouble finding qualified repairmen.

Next, we went to domestic cars. The competition there was keener, but we found nothing that completely satisfied us. We wanted a smart-looking little car with all the advantages of a big car. Quite a large order.



In the meantime, I had read an article in the newspaper comparing several makes of popular small cars. The description of the Pinto Runabout intrigued us. We discussed our needs with our local Ford dealer, then placed an order

for a Runabout. He said he'd call when it arrived.

We waited impatiently, like two children anticipating Christmas. Finally, the call came, and off we dashed to the dealership. There it was outside the office door. It was bright red with smart-looking cloth and vinyl seats. Best of all, it had a lovely, big space in the back for luggage. After completing the necessary paper work, we proudly drove our new car home.

We found the Pinto easy to drive and park. It saved on gas and with the rear seat folded down it was almost as good as a station wagon. We used it for lugging grandchildren, dogs, lumber and even concrete blocks.

As the weeks passed, we realized that our Little Red Imp, as we had come to call it, was influencing our lives in ways we hadn't expected. Our attitudes changed, and we found ourselves looking upon the world with a more friendly eye. People often would stop to admire the Imp and talk. On the road, young owners of other Pintos would wave as they went by. We felt gayer, freer, younger.

Our clothes also underwent a subtle alteration. We dressed to keep in tune with our car. Off went the drab grays, tans and browns. On came my red turtleneck sweater and black slacks with the filigree-gold belt. My husband changed to a white pullover

sweater that he'd been too hesitant to wear.

We were very protective of the Imp. In shopping centers, we parked away from other cars. We didn't want anyone swinging his door into our car and scratching the paint. We also were very careful to lock the doors each time and make sure that no key was left behind, in or out of sight. "This little sweetheart is an awful temptation," I told my husband. "A lot of people would love to jump in and take a drive."

One day we parked in a shopping area, well away from the nearest car, and walked to the supermarket entrance a few hundred feet away. Before

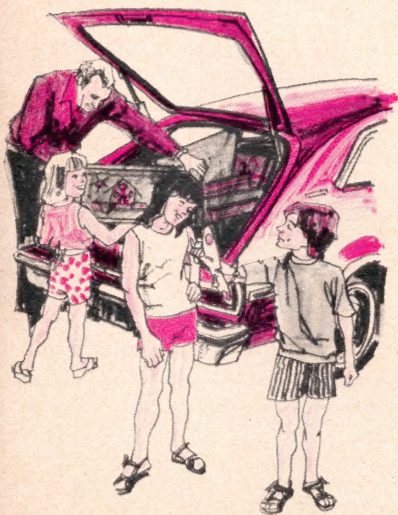
entering, I looked back to see if everything was all right. My heart almost stopped. I let out a little shriek.

A ragged, bearded character was sidling up to our Pinto. He moved around to the far side, then leaned over and peered in. Was he trying the door? I clawed at my husband. We took off at a dead run and reached the car in nothing flat. The man glanced at us; up close, he didn't look so suspicious. He smiled and asked, "Is this your Pinto? It sure is a beauty. How do you like it?"

Greatly relieved, we told him all about our Red Imp—the mileage, tires, kind of ride, heater, radio, oil consumption—the works. He had been thinking about buying one, but couldn't make up his mind. We certainly convinced him of our pleasure with it.

Similar scenes occurred frequently. On another day, an older man warned us, "Don't take it on any long trips. It's meant for only short neighborhood hops." We had news for him, too. We had driven from New Jersey to Connecticut and back—more than 300 miles—with nothing but delight. Later, we even drove to Florida, 2,600 miles down and back with no sign of strain on us or the car.

Next month, we're driving down to see our son John and his wife in Memphis. I'm certain it's going to be a happy trip. In our Little Red Imp, it always is. □





Letters

Good Dealer

Dear Sirs: Not long ago we were reinstated on the FORD TIMES mailing list (per our request) with the compliments of our local Ford dealer, Joe Machens. We have expressed our appreciation to him in person and in writing. The FORD TIMES is one of the most respected magazines our household receives. It is well written and easy to read. Where else could an American find such interesting articles about our wonderful country grouped in a minimum amount of pages?

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Q. Thomas
Columbia, Missouri

The Lineup

Dear Sirs: I have been reading and enjoying FORD TIMES since the early 40s. My Dad always drove Fords and was a recipient of your magazine. Last Saturday I took all my Fords to the parking lot of a local school for their annual photo session. Since I often see photos of other Ford owners and their products in your magazine, I felt you

might enjoy seeing our Ford lineup. Among the eight cars: at right is a 1931 Ford Deluxe Roadster and at the far left is a 1975 Ford Granada Ghia. All of the cars are in operating condition and most are used daily by members of my family.

Tim Jones
Cincinnati, Ohio



The Envelope, Please

Dear Sirs: We really enjoy your FORD TIMES magazine and read it from cover to cover. I like the stories about towns, tourist attractions and off-the-beaten-path places the most. We save all of the articles that interest us and put them in travel envelopes. When we get ready for a trip, we look up the articles which have been written about the area we plan to visit. Thanks again for an interesting, informative and entertaining magazine.

Mrs. Edward J. Trout
Tafton, Pennsylvania

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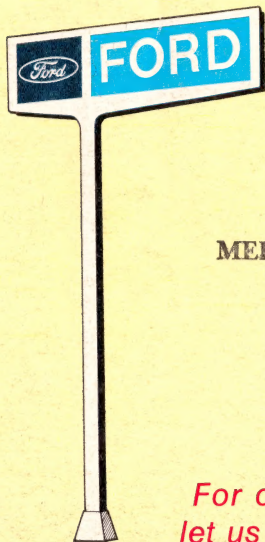
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